

she makes a body feel like a worm of the earth at the same time. It's 'Why don't you keep yourself clean?' and 'Why don't you mend your clothes?' as if a body had two pairs of hands and could be going 'all day, after bein' up all night with a sick baby, to say nothin' of a drunk husband thrown in now and then. But the little woman, God bless her! In she comes, and not a word about the dirt, but she takes up the baby herself, and bathes him as nice as you please, and makes me lie down for a couple of hours while she straightens up things and leaves a bit of dinner ready for us before she's off. And I've known her many a time to go down on her knees and wash poor old Graney Grogan's feet makin' nothin, but a joke of it; and the other day she was at Polack's way down the road where nobody else goes. The poor mother had hardly the clothes to cover her, and didn't that good little creature slip off her old warm woolen skirt, savin' your presence, and put it right onto Mrs. Zamfoky, or whatever you call her."

Sometimes the priest found a poor sick room made beautiful with the flowers Mrs. Thornton had carried thither. Often he came upon her perfectly at home, she was washed and dressed, while she mended the tattered clothing of the children and made them presentable for school. She had not much to give. She had to manage her little income well to keep up appearances, but she gave of her time and labor without stint, and forgot the charities of the day in the girlish pranks of flirtation of the evening.

"After all," mused Father O'Connor, "she has never an ill word of any one, and if she only had the vocation she would make a grand Sister of Charity." But he smiled at Mrs. Thornton in the thought of the white he prayed for something to soften the daily increasing bitterness of Miss Tallon's heart toward the woman who stood between her.

It had been a trying day for Miss Tallon. Mrs. Thornton's absence from the meeting of the Society of St. Martha had not been a relief; for on all sides there were regrets for her.

"She is so handy about making things over and so ready to show one how," said even Rosa Dearing, erstwhile Miss Tallon's shy and silent worshiper.

For once Miss Tallon did not call on Father O'Connor after the meeting. She hastened back to the stately solitude of her own home, where she might be free of bitter thoughts of the woman who was supplanting her, and whose mischievous qualities seemed hidden from all eyes save her own. She would have denied herself even to Mr. Hamilton, who still visited her now and then, but that she met him face to face in the hall before the maid could announce him. Almost on his heels came Father O'Connor.

"I haven't seen Mrs. Thornton for more than a week. What has become of her?" asked the former. His hostess had heard the same words forty times that afternoon. This was the last straw. A bitter word that could never have been recalled sprang to her lips, but the priest's heavier voice drowned it unheard!

"Oh, Mrs. Thornton! Why the children of those poor Zamofekys, down the road from the hollow, all have malignant diphtheria; the mother is in a bad way herself; and could get no help, so Mrs. Thornton went over last week, and about herself up with them, for better or worse," as she says. I found it out only this afternoon. Dr. Stone thinks the children will come through all right—she's a great little nurse—but he fears for her, for all that she makes so light of it."

"She's a brick," cried John Hamilton, "but she must be relieved. Did you ever hear of anything finer, Miss Tallon?"

The priest held his breath; but the demon was exorcised.

"The woman is a saint," said Miss Tallon, "and I am not worthy to lose the shoes from her feet."

"Oh, Miss Tallon; you would have done as much if you knew." There was no mistaking the sincerity of the man's voice and eyes.

"No matter about me. The question is of relieving her," said Miss Tallon, hurrying to the telephone as she spoke. There was a woman who always had her wits about her in an emergency.

But the relief came too late. The Zamofsky children would recover, but their brave little nurse was poisoned through and through with the malignant disease.

"I suspected it," Mrs. Thornton said calmly, when Father O'Connor told her, and bade her prepare for her last hour. She was in Miss Tallon's best chamber, with an experienced nurse in attendance. Realizing her change of abode, she smiled faintly.

"Well, Father, in this case it will be as blessed to receive as to give. She is a good woman, with a Puritan streak in her; and I have seen her torment. . . . I meant no harm. . . . I never cared a pin for John Hamilton, nor he for me. . . . But I was full of . . . levity, you call it. . . . and her seriousness drew out all my mischief. . . . You never knew; but there's insanity in our family. . . . and I was fearing it, fighting it all the time. . . . my own happy hours were when I was in church or with the poor. . . . Then I forgot. . . . The rest of the time I just had to keep fooling. . . . Tell her, and tell her, too, I'm glad to die her debtor. . . . God was so good to give me that chance with the Zam-

ofsky. . . . It will count—won't it, Father?"

"Count, my child! Haven't you laid down your life for those poor strangers? You know what Our Lord has promised for every cup of cold water given in His name; and you have given your all."

The tears were on the old priest's cheeks as he gave the last Sacraments to the dying woman, and stood by her through her agony, terrible, but mercifully short.

After Mrs. Thornton's death, Bruce-town folk noticed a great change in Miss Tallon. The poor people down in the hollow said she was like their little favorite comes back—only without the fun. Instead, were winning gentleness and humanity which they could not quite express, but which they came to like as well. But no one found the change sweeter than John Hamilton and when he and Miss Tallon decided to spend the rest of their days together, their little world was sure that this was one of the marriages made in heaven.

HOLY IRELAND

"That 'you can't be Irish without being a Catholic' has been cogently demonstrated once more in 'Irish Impressions' (Lans in Gilbert K. Chesterton, and in 'The Soul of Ireland' (Macmillan) by Father W. J. Lockington, S. J., two notable books that have lately appeared. During the last year of the War the brilliant English paradoxer, for the first time in his life, visited Ireland, having as his object the winning of recruits for the British army. It is not likely that Mr. Chesterton gained for the King many Irish soldiers, but the 'impressions' of the island and of its people which this judicious, Catholic-minded Englishman brought back to his countrymen ought to help them to find the only correct answer to the age-old 'Irish question.'"

What first struck the visitor on landing in Dublin was the fact that Erin instead of being 'the green isle,' was not green but brown; 'positively brown with khaki,' for he saw British soldiers everywhere.

"How useful those men would have been in the breach at St. Quentin," he reflected. "It was wasting troops in France." Another surprise awaited Mr. Chesterton when he found that the statue of one of the early Georges, instead of being decorated 'with national flowers and nationalist flags' by the presumably pro-German population of Dublin, was in point of fact made quite unrecognizable owing to a circle of thick green foliage some humorous Irish gardener had caused to grow up and choke his Majesty. All that thought itself on a pedestal, has found itself up a tree" was the solemn generalization on the present state of Ireland which the statue's condition suggested to Mr. Chesterton.

The greater part of the author's book deals of course with the political state of Ireland today. He would like to see her enjoying the dominion form of government within the British Empire, he regrets that most Irishmen were unwilling to fight under the English flag during the War, for in his opinion, Christian civilization was imperiled by the Germans, so the Irish in being anti-British were really anti-European. Yet he has to own that to expect Irishmen to fight what they considered England's battles was really asking too much of human nature. For "the Irish," he attests, "regard our Government simply as a liar who has broken his word," and Mr. Chesterton is of the same opinion. "The Irish think they have been cheated. They think Home Rule was stolen from them after the contract was sealed and it will be hard for anyone to contradict them." It is the author's firm conviction that this is now worse than useless to promise anything to Ireland; for England's "word is wind," her "bond is waste paper," and the Government that broke its promise to Redmond, "would certainly break it to De Valera."

"Irish Impressions" is so full of Mr. Chesterton's denunciations of the folly, cruelty and perfidy that have characterized England's government of Ireland during the past few years that there is little danger of the reader missing the passages. Turn we now, however, to the pages telling what this observant visitor thought of Erin's Catholic Faith. He notes that their belief refines and educates even the unlettered. When a County Clara peasant, for example, "names his child Michael" he "may really have a sense of the presence that smote down Sathan, the arms and language of the paladin of Paradise," though the author seriously doubts that a clerk of Clapham Common "when he names his son John, has a vision of the holy eagle of the Apocalypse," or even of the Beloved Disciple's "mystical cup." In Ireland the Catholic religion is a "real reality," it is the "world a man inhabits" as the Socialists learned to their amazement at the time of the Dublin strike, when they benevolently undertook to deport Catholic children to England. The charm of Irish homes, Mr. Chesterton also discovered, is due to the vivid faith of the people. He writes:

"The Irish Catholics, like other Christians, admit a mystery in the Holy Trinity, but they may almost be said to admit an experience in the Holy Family. Their historical experience, alas! has made it seem not unnatural that the Holy Family should be a homeless family. They also have found that there was no

room for them at the inn, or anywhere but in the jail; they also have dragged their new-born babes out of their cradles, and trailed in despair along the road to Egypt, or at least along the road to exile. They also have heard in the dark and the distance behind them the noise of the horseman of Herod."

As Mr. Chesterton was leaving the shores of Erin he fixed his eyes on the Wicklow Hills and "had the fancy that the whole land was not receding but advancing like something spreading out its arms to the world," and he saw a chance "shred of sunshine" resting on the mountain of the Golden Spire. A good omen, he reflected, remembering that once before "in the very midnight of the dark ages," Irish missionaries had gone forth "like a multitude of moving candles, that were the light of the world."

But Mr. Chesterton, after all is a non-Catholic making a brief study of Ireland from outside. Therefore his impressions of the country and its people cannot of course be so true and sympathetic as are those of a Catholic priest whose life has actually been a Golden Spire. A good Father Lockington is such a one and his beautiful book on 'The Soul of Ireland' movingly portrays what their Catholic Faith has made "the one people of Western Europe" as Mr. Chesterton well observes in the volume's introduction, "which has taken the old form of the Christian Religion quite seriously, enduring persecutions from without and asceticism from within." The book is sure to be a favorite with St. Patrick's Day orators, for each of its fifteen chapters reads like portions of patriotic addresses that must have stirred their hearers deeply. Filled with a Celt's yearning love for Erin and a priest's admiration for the heroic faith of the Irish, Father Lockington expresses with a wealth of poetical and rhetorical imagery the thoughts suggested to him by such topics as "The Mass Rock," "The Nuns of Ireland," "Soggarth Aroon," and "The Mothers of Ireland." He sees the green of Erin's "fields kissed by the white lips of the sea." "Small wonder that the people of Ireland smile under their crosses when Christ thus shares them" is his reflection on hearing that in a single Dublin church 400,000 Communions are given yearly; the Sisters who have trained the youth of Ireland "lift the nation and hold it close to God," and they themselves "are welcomed with affectionate reverence in every land for the whole world is their home and all mankind their brother"; "Ireland is Ireland because of her priests," Father Lockington concludes, and here is his tribute to the "The Irish Mother":

"She is foremost among the hidden saints of earth. A follower of Christ, whose cloister is within the four walls of the home wherein she reigns as queen! A lover of Christ, whose little kingdom comprises the treasured souls that God has given her to guide. A ruler for Christ, who draws her subjects to her by sanctity and love. Her toll-worn hands that clasped the old brown rosary are eloquent of strength to seize and lift to good all souls they meet; her lips are molded to lines of peace by years of unending prayer and murmured benedictions over sleeping babes; upon her brow eternal calm and resignation sit enthroned; her eyes are lit by the light of serene confidence that tells of a heart secure in the friendship of God."

Though Father Lockington, unlike Mr. Chesterton, does not dwell upon the burning questions suggested by Ireland's present political state, yet his book is a sorrowful indictment of England for her long centuries of misrule and oppression. For he shows that the chief cause of her persistent refusal to abandon the Faith brought to her from Rome by St. Patrick. The author's pages, nevertheless, are singularly free from bitterness. He seems ready to forgive the past if the country of his heart can only receive justice from England now.

No one can finish reading Father Lockington's book without being brought to the conviction that the Catholic Faith is indeed 'The Soul of Ireland.' Had the children of Erin only consented in the days of Henry VIII., or at any time during the next three centuries, to give up the practice of Catholicism, who can doubt that the Irish would have been considered by the non-Catholic world a "progressive, prosperous and enlightened people" on whom royal favors and the emoluments of office would have been lavishly bestowed? But because that race of martyrs and confessors have from first to last steadfastly refused to renounce the Faith brought to them by St. Patrick, God has rewarded their fidelity by making the Irish a nation of apostles. For today there is not an English-speaking country, not excepting England herself, where the Church does not owe her accession to ruling her Divine mission chiefly to the generous piety of men and women whose birth or ancestry is Irish.—Walter Dwight, S. J., in America.

A GOOD PENANCE

Many persuade themselves that they have no true sorrow for sin if they do not practice many and great corporal austerities. Let us learn that he does a good penance who studies to please God alone, at all times and in all things. This is a very perfect thing and of great merit.—St. Francis de Sales.

THE BATTLE AGAINST GOD

To the thoughtful it must have often come home during the War that civilization was about to crumble. As nation after nation was drawn into the vortex it became more evident that slaughter on a scale hitherto undreamed of was to become the main object of Christian nations until extermination only could bring victory. Armageddon has been made familiar to us. After its mighty havoc we thought we should have peace and security. We thought that the air would be clear, and that an era of Christian charity and Christian justice would dawn. Interpreting the awful scourge that had come upon mankind as a chastisement from God, it was natural to think that men would turn back to God, and with chastened hearts try to build up a new world. Instead of that the men who had retained power through the cynicism of politics were to be the builders of the new world. And because they laid their foundation in vengeance, aggressiveness and lust which they have partly erected is lowering, and through the most subtle and the most destructive form of warfare ever known is about to tumble to the ground. Meanwhile a battle more terrible than the world war is being waged. Its seductive appeal is reaching into every land. Like a violent miasma it is clouding the hearts of men. It finds most fertile fields in countries that have absolved themselves from the sovereignty of God. No land is immune from it. America has already been touched by its poison. Call it anarchy or bolshevism or communism or whatever you will, it is the new force unleashed by passion, baser, even than those which have hitherto led men to seek each other's destruction. Nations that have cast off the restraint of religion will inevitably succumb to the new mania. The only power on earth to offer it is that Church fortified by the thought that it cannot deny and it must be sustained by the everlasting idea of Jesus Christ. It must take up the challenge and carry on the warfare with its spiritual arms. So the brunt of the battle, and the shock of the new troop must be faced by the Church. After all, this is the recurring history of the Church. It has always been pitted against great odds. But it has survived, and will survive. The contest is no more uneven than it was against the Roman Empire, or against the dark hordes of barbarism in the fifth and sixth centuries. The battle may be long and severe, but the eternal years of God and the promise of His Son are on the side of the Church, and she will win.—New World.

CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Agas ago the old Hebrew prophet could exclaim with truth, "with desolation the world is made desolate, because there is none that thinketh in his heart." Today the same apocryphic to existing conditions may be made. A flood of loose thought and looser talk is inundating the world. The man who thinks truly and argues rightly is conspicuous.

Men are too prone to take their opinions from untrustworthy and unreliable sources. The complexities of modern life have made for superficiality of thought. It is this condition that is today affecting the world's mental processes.

The true thinker makes his influence felt upon his fellows, moulds public opinion, and controls the destiny of men and nations. We cannot all be great geniuses, but we can all be men of thought.

Manufacture of information played havoc with truth during the Great War. The result is today that a host of problems confront the world. When the barrier of propaganda has been broken down and these vast problems get out into the forum of public opinion, the thoughtful student who has mastered the art of thinking along constructive Catholic lines will be the man of the hour, who can bring to society a solution of its troubles.

When mighty questions are struggling to the surface, it is the duty of every Catholic to be prepared to take part in the grave discussions that must come. No man can think rightly unless he studies deeply. Fortunately the Catholic student has ample aids to assist him in gathering complete data for the thoughtful consideration of pressing matters. The list of books that has been published by Catholic authors during the past few months cover a wide range of subjects and furnishes solid instruction. For instance in Spiritism we have "The New Black Magic," and the "Truth about the Ouija Board" by Mr. Raupert.

In economics we have "Democratic Industry" and "The World Problem" by Father Hueslin. If the ideals outlined in these two latter works would be widely disseminated, there would be no doubt of the happy outcome of our industrial problems. In sociology we have "The Church and Socialism" by Father Ryan, which is scholastic theology applied in an interesting manner to our modern social questions. And in the domain of health we have "Health Through Will Power" by Dr. Walsh, a book that is eliciting praise from Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Moreover our weekly Catholic papers and reviews are giving the thought of trained experts on all lines of discussion and vindicating the truth before the world.

The Catholic who wishes not only to be well informed but to do his duty to God and country must study the questions of the day. He must not be content to take his opinions from sources which to achieve their own ends will lead him astray. No

time in history ever called so imperatively to Catholics to read good Catholic literature as the present time. Never has the Church been so well prepared with instructive books, magazines, and weekly newspapers. —The Pilot.

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SYNOPSIS OF RESULTS FOR 1919:

Assets as at 31st December, 1919.....\$105,711,468.27
Increase over 1918.....8,091,099.42
Cash Income from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1919.....25,704,201.10
Increase over 1918.....4,053,101.41
Profits Paid or Allotted to Policyholders in 1919.....1,606,503.37
Total Surplus 31st December, 1919, over all liabilities and capital.....8,037,440.25
(According to the Company's Standard, viz., for assurances, the C.M. (S) Table, with 3 1/2 and 3 per cent interest, and for annuities, the B. O. Select Annuity Tables with 3 1/2 per cent interest.)
Deaths Claims, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during 1919.....12,364,651.15
Payments to Policyholders since organization.....91,227,532.30
Assurances issued and paid for in cash during 1919.....86,548,849.44
Increase over 1918.....34,957,457.40
Life Assurances in force 31st December, 1919.....416,358,462.05
Increase over 1918.....75,548,305.92
Life Assurances applied for during 1919.....109,336,848.37
Increase over 1918.....42,529,851.70

THE COMPANY'S GROWTH

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1872	\$ 48,210.93	\$ 96,461.95	\$1,064,350.00
1884	278,379.65	836,897.24	6,544,404.64
1897	1,375,586.60	4,616,419.63	31,528,569.74
1904	4,561,936.19	17,851,760.92	85,327,662.85
1914	15,051,775.24	64,187,656.39	185,209,835.00
1919	28,704,201.10	105,711,468.27	416,358,462.05

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